



PERSON

Of course CAMELS are milder THEY'RE FRESH!

HAVE you noticed how women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite with the ladies, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.



It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office

CAMELS

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Poetical Pete

I'd hate to be officious,
And keep folks in a stew;
But then, it's only kind, sometimes,
To tell them what to do.

Frankly, Men, we find this the quickest way to win you

(See Coupon)

*Will you accept a 7-day supply
of this famous shaving cream?*

WE can't begin to crowd on one page everything you ought to know about Palmolive Shaving Cream. So we say: Let us send you a free supply. You try it for seven days and be the judge. What you'll find out will fill a volume.

We win 86 in every 100

Men are attracted by this offer. Why not? If they remain our steady customers it's because we've done them lasting service—shown them a new way to banish old-time shaving worries.

The fact that Palmolive is by far the largest selling shaving cream shows how well men like it. 86 of every 100 give up former ways for this. There is a story behind this superiority.

Men told us how

A few years ago men asked why we, makers of outstanding soap products in other fields, had never made a shaving cream. They told us—1,000 of them—where other preparations failed.

So we developed a shaving cream based on the olive oil principle—one that embodied five important features exclusive in Palmolive Shaving Cream.

You risk a stamp. We risk the rest. Our profit comes in keeping you a steady customer.

NEW! Palmolive Shaving Lotion! Here's a new way to leave the face tingling, fresh and clean. Try it! also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.



PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream
PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central Standard time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast Standard time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.



5 Unique Advantages

- 1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2 Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3 Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
- 5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shave Talc
Simply insert your name and address
and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1219,
Box 375, Grand Central Post Office,
New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

Keeps teeth white



SMILE and conquer. No one can resist a charming smile.

But remember — your smile is only as charming as the snowy whiteness of your teeth permits.

Every day chew delicious Dentyne—the gum especially made to keep teeth white. It also helps to keep gums firm because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. Dentyne is the finest chewing gum on sale today.



Chew DENTYNE . . . and smile!

THE POWER OF FLOWERS

1911

BLUMENHOF
HILLEGOM ▲ HOLLAND

1931

BLUMENHOF, world-famous because of our participation in the important exhibitions of Antwerp, London and Paris, offers a JUBILEE collection of rich colored flowers.

Send your order today and get acquainted with our professionally chosen JUBILEE collection.

This collection is composed of magnificent colors in red, white, blue, yellow, rose, lilac, violet and black. Each packed separately with name.

- 40 Tulips (single) 40 Tulips (double) in 4 very beautiful colors
- 10 Hyacinths (single) 10 Hyacinths (double) in 4 colors
(soil in their color and very fine fragrance)
- 15 Narcissus (single) 15 Narcissus (double) in 4 colors
- 25 Crocuses or "Winterqueens" — 25 Dutch Irises
- 25 Muscaris-flowers — 30 Snow-drops
- 10 Madonna Lilles — 25 Scilla Siberica
- 50 prepared flower-eggnogs for home cultivation composed by us
of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus and Crocuses

Very simple handling clearly indicated in our prospectus in French and English

Delivery free of charge at destination. As no reimbursement is admitted in U. S. A., please let us have the required amount. This magnificent collection costs \$5—a double collection \$9. Special conditions for wholesale.
To each order we add free of charge: 10 Polso-negro "Kermisdraagbloeiers".

The Playful Pup

THE time for departure to a social engagement. The starting of the car. The discovery that the pup is out of doors. The hopeful suggestion that he might as well be allowed to stay out. The rejoinder of your wife that he must certainly be put in the house before you leave. The sigh of resignation. The shutting off of the engine. The weary climb out of the car.

The business-like calling of the dog. The matter-of-fact whistling which you hope will delude him into thinking that nothing important is afoot. The near approach of the dog, which obviously trusts your good intentions. The sudden suspicion, put in his mind, perhaps, by the gleam in your eye. The decision of the dog to sit down and think it over, while batting one ear with a hind leg.

The stealthy approach toward the dog. The friendly, coaxing snaps of the fingers. The "Good pups!" The close approach. The sudden reach for the dog. The dog's abrupt departure to the far corner of the yard. The muttered curse. The renewed friendly overtures. The honeyed words. The luring whistles. The little leaps from side to side. The feeling that you are making an awful ass of yourself.

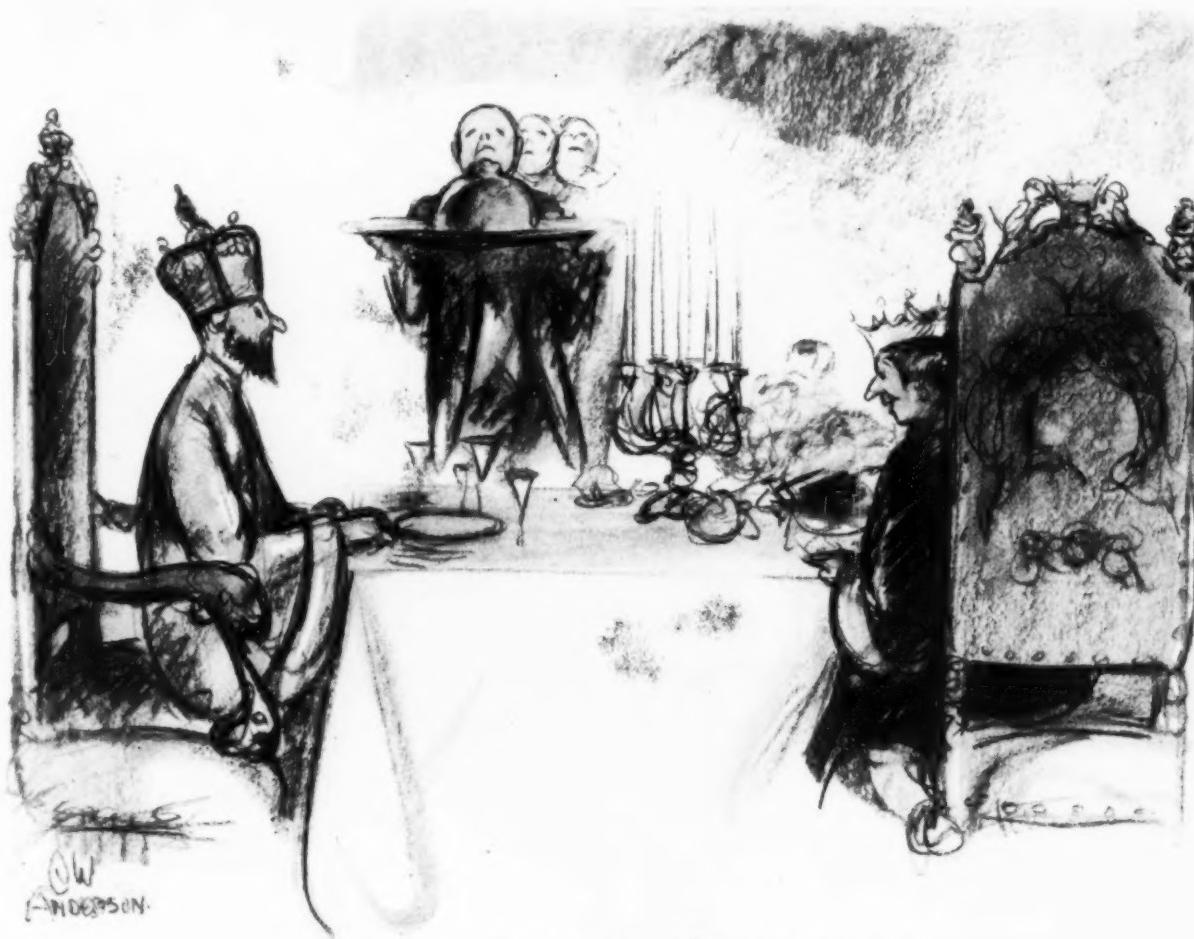
THE conclusion of the pup that you just want to play. The willing spirit with which he enters into the sport. The races from side to side of the lawn. The dashes toward you and elusive dashes away from you. The joyful yelps. The obvious disposition on the part of the pup to keep this up for hours.

The rapidity with which you become overheated. The complete loss of patience. The determined leaps and swoops after the dog. The consistent misses. The near-fall. The green stain on your white sport oxfords. The baffled rage. The feeling of futility. The decision to let the dog stay out, your wife to the contrary notwithstanding. The defiant return to the car. The starting of the engine. The backward glance. The discovery that the maid has opened the door, and that the dog has gone in the house.

The realization that your wife is looking at you and smiling rather openly. The bitter silence on your part. The savage shifting of the gears.

—John C. Emery.

S i + e



"A surprise for you, darling—chicken à la king."

The drive against New York gangsters is having some success. Many of the gangsters are so scared they are shooting only grown bystanders.

*

Services in a Kentucky church were interrupted when a five-gallon keg of moonshine in the attic started leaking. This is one way to break up Sunday golf.

*

Lindbergh was introduced in Japan as "Mrs. Lindbergh's husband." At

this rate he'll soon be signing his name "Colonel Lindbergh, Sr."

*

An Ohio judge rules a wife has a legal right to take money from her husband's pockets. It's a great wife if you don't waken.

*

The Red Shirts caused a riot when Gandhi sailed from India. The Black Shirts of Italy frequently warm things up a bit. We can only say that our stuffed ones are pacific.

"Civilization is under construction," says an editorial. Many of us have noticed that we proceed at our own risk.

*

Washington reports a decrease in the number of births for August—so now we need a plan to bring back posterity.

*

While defending his doubles title George Lott, tennis player, was told his wife had filed suit for divorce.

Well, he can enter the singles.

A Matter of Taste

OSCAR WILDE had six copies of a favorite book bound in as many different colors to suit his moods.

If he wished to read in the book and it was a gloomy day, such a day as would make Dorian Gray's picture slip a couple of notches—well, there was a sombre blue. If it was such a day as would make Salome cast longing glances at Jokanaan's head—well, there was red.

While not so fastidious as Mr. Wilde, I was delighted today to discover our Postal Department's aesthetic venture. It has given us a beautiful two-cent stamp bearing the likeness of a Red Cross nurse.

There are days when I tire of the regulation two-cent stamp with its head of George Washington. With all due respect to the father of our country I am not in the mood for moistening the right side of his face. I prefer licking the back of a pretty nurse's neck.

She is lovely. Given a second look at her I cannot believe anyone would have the bad grace to reach for a sponge.

In the past our Postal Department has been attentive to the physical rather than the aesthetic taste. Its chemists have busied themselves with sweet potatoes, chicle, horses hooves, and perhaps old auto tires, in an effort to find a pleasant glue. The artistic appeal of stamps has been sadly neglected.

THE only alternative of the letter mailer who wearied of licking George Washington once was to lick Benjamin Franklin twice.

Franklin is an admirable figure, but is he appropriate for our one-cent stamps? True, a major portion of our one-cent stamps is used on cards by mailers who have little taste. This does not excuse Franklin. A picture of a lollipop or stick of peppermint candy would be more suitable.

The mailer who licks the back of a special delivery stamp licks the other side of a motorcycle, a messenger boy and a brick building. If the mailer would only stop and think, no amount of urgency could force him to lick the other side of a motorcycle. And there are some messenger boys I wouldn't approach with a sponge.

On the ten-cent stamp we have a front view of President Monroe with abundant hair, upturned collar and



high stock. The mailer pays a dime to lick or sponge the back of the head.

Undoubtedly the five-cent airmail stamp is the greatest offender of the artistic sensibilities. The letter writer, with lofty thoughts of his missive soaring through the clean air high above the earth, licks this stamp. He has really licked an engraving of the world with feathered wings attached. The feathers do not come off on the letter writer's tongue, but it's a poor way to lick the world.

—Tom Sims.

Mennonite Nights

The Mennonites of Pennsylvania have banned the radio from their homes as an instrument of the devil.

"Wanted: Quiet apartment next door to Mennonite family."

Complete with Tail Light

The bustle is coming back . . . just another futile attempt at self-protection on the part of American pedestrians.

Ermine Power

SUGAR DADDY: Why should I buy you a coat? You're just an incident in my life.

GOLD DIGGER: Is that so? Well, just make up your mind that I'm going to be a clothed incident!

Last Laughs Are Too

Plenty is his satisfaction
Knowing that his every action
Keeps me guessing, makes me uneasy. . . . Does he think it fun?

Is it really necessary
That he be forever wary?
I'm so nice and yet it's impossible
To capture him!

I am always up a tree or
In the dumps. I'm never free or
Happy. All my thoughts are befuddled
By this mystery!

First he's hot and then he's cold and
With no warning grows too bold and
When I whisper, Yes! he's indifferent as Bathroom Gin!

By the time he makes his mind up
That he cares, I'm sure to wind up
Laughing loudly . . . and discover
I'm through again with Love!

—E. L.



Inducements to Church-Goers

1. The Broadway M. E. Temple of New York City advertised that every one attending a certain evening service would be given a free snowball.

2. The pastor of the Methodist Church at Thomasville, Georgia, promised his flock that he would limit his Sunday sermons to twenty minutes during the hot spell.

3. Rev. E. H. Cadel of Indianapolis offered a premium of a free automobile wash to every one attending services.

4. Rev. Arthur Stanley Wheelock of White Plains, New York, announced a special eight A. M. Sunday service for the benefit of the golfers in his congregation. —W. E. F.

New Low

Some people are so illiterate they can't even write on a tablecloth.

Hose Notes

"More than ninety-eight per cent of the stockings sold," we read, "are silk or chiffon." But we notice that a large per cent of those worn are none.

Cousin Arthur Is a Peter Pan

MY Cousin Arthur is a Peter Pan and he will never grow up.

I am sure that this is true, because ever since I was in Russian blouses and curls, my female relatives have said so convincingly on occasions.

I think the first time Cousin Arthur evoked this observation was at the age of twelve when Aunt Cynthia rushed out to the shed to find out what made her neighbor's daughter scream so loudly and so urgently. She learned that it was because Cousin Arthur was dropping fishing worms down her back. I held her while Cousin Arthur dropped. I got blisters and my air-gun taken away. Cousin Arthur got "tut-tut" and the information that he was a Peter Pan and would never grow up.

Then when we were in High School, Cousin Arthur thought of a wonderful scheme to pour tar in all the inkwells in the study hall. We did it after school and it was a success. I carried the tar and Cousin Arthur poured. They sent me away to military school. Cousin Arthur was reinstated quickly because the principal learned from Aunt Wilma that he was a Peter Pan and would never grow up.

At college Cousin Arthur and I sometimes bet on wrong things. I wrote checks on my father, and Cousin Arthur wrote them on anyone whose signature he could remember. Father put me to work in the factory until my

pay checks made it right. The judge dismissed Cousin Arthur's case when my mother (Cousin Arthur's Aunt Stella) told the court that he was a Peter Pan and would never grow up.

I am married now and settled down. Last Christmas Aunt Cynthia and Aunt Wilma chipped in together and gave us an awfully nice what-not. Cousin Arthur is living with a chorus girl in New York. Five or six times a year Cousin Arthur's aunts realize how lonely he must be in the city and send him a check for a thousand. Of course, I am very proud to be married and settled down and I often pity poor Cousin Arthur who is a Peter Pan and will never, never grow up. —K. B.

Warning

An East St. Louis couple who were married on Friday the thirteenth recently celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. This should be a warning to the residents of Reno that the day is unlucky.

Who Threw That?

A college in West Virginia accepts farm produce in payment of tuition. Heretofore farm produce has been used only at glee club concerts.



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Adam Apple Says



Every circus has to carry a living skeleton to use as a marker for seat widths.

What the world needs is a bathrobe with phosphorescent armholes.

How Dare You Call Me a Lady!

Atlantic City police refused to interfere with Mae West's new play "The Constant Sinner." We understand Miss West will appeal.

Thrilling Mistake

Now comes the season when we connive to secure tickets and fight our way into the stadiums to see football over-emphasized.

Heaven is a place large enough to accommodate 299,900,000,000 souls with a mansion of 100 million rooms, each, 16 x 16 x 16.

From a Sermon reported by Memphis, Tenn., Paper.

All God's chillun got room service.



SINBAD.

Aw, what's th' use!



FIRST BLACK CAT: *Ob, Ob! Bad luck!*

It May "Fade" But It Won't Fetter

When I relax my bachelor vigilance
And let young Cupid take me in his snare,
I shall not fall for figure, face, or glance,
But for some witching warble of the air.
Some disembodied, haunting, mellow voice
From ether fields, where dreams can germinate
And spring and bloom, shall be my choice.
I'll take a staff of music for my mate.
Can tones wax fat or lucid notes grow old?
Can fleshless voice become a vexing shrew?
A wife can whine, demand, dispute, and scold,
And what the devil can a husband do?
But if that voice should ever fail to please
I'll twirl a knob, and be divorced with ease.

—D. D.



"*Ob, why was I ever invented?*"

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The Weaker Sex

- Men are fonder of candy than women nowadays, according to the President of the Retail Confectioners' Association.
- Only one half as many men as women are arrested for liquor law violation in the State of Oregon.
- The average American man has only four chances out of ten of being left a widower, while the average American woman has six chances in ten of being left a widow.
- Males learn to talk much later, much less rapidly and much less extensively than females, according to a report of the State College of Georgia.
- Tobacco is more harmful to males than to females, experiments of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology show.

—W. E. F.



PLUMBER: *Dontcha believe them cartoonists, honey,
I ain't never found any lady in no tub.*

Great Minds at Work

Women had more fun and far greater variety in their lives when they could spin and bake and make their husbands' clothes.

—A. B. See.

I think those who will not be interested in me after my marriage will be insignificant in number.

—Rudy Vallée.

My loin cloth is an organic evolution of my life.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

I am not intoxicated with grandeur; I should like to be intoxicated with humility.

—Benito Mussolini.

These gang movies are making a lot of kids want to be tough boys, and they don't serve any useful purpose.

—Al. Capone.

The Letters of a Modern Father

MY Dear Son:

Your telegram asking me to come to New York to look over this proposition you refer to as a "natural" was delivered to my stenographer and as it was prepaid she didn't suppose it was from you, so she laid it in the basket where it got buried under the bills for your sister Ginnie's wedding. I found it today when I was sorting out the bills from the firms that expect me to pay.

You puzzle me with that old-fashioned word "natural." It takes me back to the days of "Six Per Cent and Safety." I don't remember hearing it since the bond salesmen used to refer to an issue as "a buy."

I can't come to New York right off but your mother and I are thinking of driving your sister Gracie down to her school in Maryland and if we do we can swing around by New York on our way to Canada.

We haven't been thinking of it very hard, but there must be something in



"I'm from the Fipps Detective Agency, who are you from?"

thought-transference because there have been half a dozen tire dealers in to try and trade me out of my rubber before we start on the trip. They are all willing to give unlimited credit but I bought the tires from the last fellow

who walked in and said, "I'll put on four new tires and you can let Stimson name the terms."

We have to deposit Gracie by the twentieth so we should get to New York by the twenty-fifth as your mother has agreed to skip every fourth antique shop as one of her contributions to the recovery.

Sorry you will have to keep the man who makes this proposition waiting, but as he is furnishing the idea and you are to put up the money I imagine you can get him to hold out a few days longer.



"Pardon me sir, I'm from New York. What does one usually give the magistrates here?"

GINNIE had a nice little wedding; not elaborate but full of confidence in the country. It is funny how the times have affected weddings. I remember when Francie was married, back in the days of Coolidge, the Four Horsemen and banks, the out-of-town ushers brought their own liquor. Of course, this way is better. During the dancing at the reception, the usher from Rockford was the only one to do a Leon Errol, while at Francie's wedding the whole room seemed full of Sliding Billy Watsons.

I think Ginnie's got a good man. He left General Electric when the readjustment first came on, went to Hollywood, studied the art of make-up, and came back here and opened a shoe-shine with local boys disguised as Greeks.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



"Heavens, John, the Smiths! Pretend we don't see them!"



Life Looks About

Who—and What of It?

PEOPLE discuss who is going to be President. Nobody knows. The Republicans are in possession of the job but the Democrats offer most of the talent. A mature Republican lady in Philadelphia is quoted as saying with a sigh as she turned over the pages of the newspaper: "The Democrats seem to have most of the ideas!"

So they have. Consider Owen D. Young, Alfred Smith and Newton Baker. What Republicans are there of their class? To be sure Mr. Morrow is a man of talent. To be sure there are also earnest workers in the Republican party that will be in the front of any group that is called upon to save the world, but for visible talent the Democrats are considerably more luminous.

The Republican party these many years, certainly since T. R., have had their minds fixed on safety first and material blessings. For spiritual blessings they have been less solicitous. It might be rash to say that the Democrats are more spiritually minded than the Republicans, but anyhow they are not so smug.

How much difference it is going to make who is President is a highly speculative matter. One gentleman speaking of Franklin Roosevelt, the leading Democrat candidate just now, remarked: "There never was but one Grover Cleveland; there never will be another!"

People ask you what you think of Franklin Roosevelt and you say if you are a Democrat: He is a good man. I shall vote for him if he is nominated.

Of course.

And will Republicans vote for Mr. Hoover?

Of course.

And really this widespread terrestrial distress ought to be just in Mr. Hoover's line if he really has a line, besides one or two with hooks on them. He made his reputation as a distributor of

food and here we are running into the biggest distribution ever known in the United States. That looks as though things were turning his way and we may go on with him. But is it going to make much difference who is President the next four years? There is every prospect that they will be trying years and that what a President can do will have very decided limits.

The thing to look for is the development of a new spirit. That seems to be going on and probably the organization of relief in this country will be a monster, very remarkable and probably effective. When Mr. Hoover requisitioned Mr. Gifford to boss that job no doubt that was an excellent selection, but anyhow the administration of relief will be well done.

MARSHAL PETAIN coming to the Yorktown celebration says he is coming not to see tall buildings but to see again the marvelous American spirit which he saw in France. Nothing like it on earth, he says; its enthusiasms beat even the French. That was interesting. Petain it was who said at Verdun "They shall not pass" and saw to it that they did not. He seems to have an eye for essentials. He won't wear his war medals. He might, he says, wear them on his night shirt. He seems to distinguish between show and reality. Let us make him a low bow on his remarks on the American spirit, but if he stays a little while, probably he will see it again in the coming agitation of relief.

That is the thing to look for, that is the important matter, not so much who shall be in the White House in these coming years as what shall be in the hearts of men. Watch out for that. After a while, when all the get-rich-quick persons, frustrated in their purpose, have fallen out of the window or been otherwise disposed of, this army of new thinkers and helpers will sweep along into their places.

HENRY FORD probably would admit times are bad, but he said they were better than before the smash. He is right—then we were riding to a fall, now we are riding to a rise, and even though it may be a hard ride there is a prospect at the end of it.

PERSONS whose supply of anxiety is not all in active use are invited to bestow a little on England. A loan of four hundred million dollars has been fixed up for relief of London, but that is thought to be not much more than a form of first aid. The Labor Government has been succeeded by a coalition to face the crisis in British affairs.

Cook, leader of the British mine workers, is quoted as crying "The real crisis in England has not yet begun" and that may be true. Things promise in most countries to be worse before they are better—possibly this country is an exception, but not likely. But as for England, William Philip Sims just home from two months in Europe tells Scripps-Howard readers that "Britain faces her most critical period in all her crowded centuries." So anybody with anxiety unemployed is invited to spend a little on England—trade bad, lots of people unemployed, cannot make her budget meet, borrowing more money, miscellaneous going to Hell! So it looks to some observers, but after all there is still something to be said:

IN the first place, past reliances are going to pot in all countries—England can't sell her coal; but we can't sell our wheat and Brazil can't sell her coffee. People with cotton are embarrassed to dispose of it. The props that are knocked out from under England are very much of the same order as those that are knocked out from under other countries. Evidently, or at least apparently, there is an enormous change in human life working through all countries, and a vast adjustment of all manner of people to new circumstances and powers.

No use looking back to coal or any detail to save England—look forward to new powers, new enterprises, new vocations.

After all the most urgent problem seems to be distribution—too much of everything in some countries, far too little in others. Where are mouths for all the wheat and all the coffee, backs for all the cotton? What our world needs seems to be a *merchant* who can bring about a meeting between supply and demand.

—E. S. Martin.

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

AUGUST 28.—The whole household up betimes bidding godspeed to young Louis Stoddard, off for Saratoga to ride his first big race, I sorry to find no talisman to give him save a bauble from a wedding cake, my only available alternatives, a Canadian shilling and a pressed monk's hood blossom, having a sinister connotation. Then frolicking about the lawn with my new dachshund, Fafnir von Zogbaum, whose handsomeness and intelligence have reduced me to the sodden state of serfdom which I have ridiculed in so many of my friends, forasmuch as I do permit him

to leap upon and paw my finest lace and chiffon raiment. Moreover, I am at some pains to tolerate cheap and proverbial jokes as to his physique and nationality, for I have locked up his pedigree papers in my deposit box, and do pridefully exhibit the waiting list of applicants for his custody should I find a city flat too confining for him, nor am I slow to answer why I did name him for the villain of "Siegfried" instead of for its titular hero. Samuel, thank God, does share my enthusiasm for Faffy and my delight in the *cobic* and brindled roughness of his coat, albeit he does not entirely sanction my tentative plan to

have rubbers made for him or my wishing to call in the veterinary every time the dog's nose is not of an icy frigidity. Some cronies to play bridge with me, and when a social proposition for the evening arose which made it expedient for Cal Saunders to communicate with her mother, she did hesitate to do so, saying that Mistress Parker, summoned to the telephone whilst out at a luncheon party, would doubtless totter to the instrument under the dire conviction that someone near and dear to her had suicided. Cal did also relate how her five-year-old Harry,bidden by his nurse to make his obeisances to the wife of a prominent crime commissioner, had voluntarily piped up with the Lauder ditty ending, "There's somethin' in the bottle for the mornin'." So that later, when Jennie Bowers casually advocated the early instruction of children in the rudiments of bridge, Cal did agree with her somewhat reluctantly, not wishing to incur accusations of inciting them to gamble.

AUGUST 29.—A letter by the first post from Marge Boothby asking me to tell her whatever I could about the past performances in private life of a certain actress whom she has recently met, and I could detect from the tone of her inquiry and her avidity for an immediate response her unholy hope that the tidings would be bad. The afternoon gone reading Agatha Christie's "The Murder at Hazelmoor," and when the second chapter began "There are six of us. Two can cut in," I could easily have burst into tears, having been unable to get up a table of contract because of the fine weather, and was minded of Sam's determination to teach my maid backgammon when we do return to town, so that he will not be forced to play with me when he had liefer be walking up the Avenue or reading biography. To a great dinner this night in honor of Si Wilkins' birthday, and when a member of the company expressed his sympathy with an acquaintance for having a wife who was a secret drinker, I reflected how much happier we all should be if the same could be said for his own spouse, a harmless and respectable matron who not only crows loudly over consuming a brace of cocktails but feigns ineptitude before finishing one of them.



"I suppose the low numbers are the more important prisoners."

Value of Wisdom

Long did I listen, day after day,
To elders who screamed, Beware!
Sternly they pointed my youthful way,
Marking the dangers there!

They drew me a map on a gloomy page,
Etched in a warning red—
And close by the margin, one cheerful Sage
Wrote . . . Path To The Peaceful Dead!

Happy their souls with the righteous thought,
How lucky this girl must be,
For this sort of wisdom is dearly bought . . .
Ah, lucky indeed was she!

I thanked them and studied their little map;
Noted each path and well . . .
For I might have stepped in their cunning trap,
And missed the glories of Hell! —E. L.

Weigh As You Enter

Magazines entering Canada now are subject to a duty of fifteen cents a pound. Imagine paying a dollar for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Nice Little Moth

Cotton has reached its lowest price since 1908. The only hope advanced to date is to teach moths to eat it.

Bigger and Wetter

If Radio City officials are going to allow former tenants first choice in renting in the new buildings, New York City is going to boast some palatial speakeasies.



"Heavens! I've worn the wife's hat to work!"

LIFE IN SOCIETY



WINS LOVE MILL REGATTA.

Kenneth Burnsey piloting his winning sloop, Girl Friend, past treacherous rocks into Fastnet harbor. During the crossing from New London his main mast was carried away and he had to take a reef in Mrs. Lily Butts. The crew worked frantically for 26 days bailing out Skipper Burnsey.

Master William T. Chadbourne-Carr, Jr., six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Chadbourne-Carr, thinking he was passing the summer in Tuxedo Park, was made to write "Newport" 1,000 times on the blackboard.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Livingston Barker left Montclair yesterday for Williamstown, Mass., to attend the *Institute of Politics*. Mr. Barker will be asked to make a few remarks provided the *Institute* is still open when Mrs. Barker gets through making a couple.

The first moonlight ride at Canoe Brook Lodge was held last night by a group of young people. A buffet supper was served on their return from the trails. Mr. and Mrs. James Muffet, Mr. Jimmy Sherman, Miss Temperance M. Rawlins and Mr. Jack Corney were among those partaking.

Commander and Mrs. W. D. Brandon have been spending for six weeks at the Muenchinger-King in Newport.

Mrs. Trenton Taylor gave a luncheon yesterday on the roof garden of the Pierre for Prince John Doe and Vicomte Richard Roe.

Mrs. G. Martin Townsend and Miss Mabel Townsend of Glen Cove sailed last night for Europe for the fall title hunting.
—Jack Cluett.

Wisdom of the Stars

A newly discovered comet will pass the earth at 1,000 miles a second and shoot off into space never to return.

Very sensible.

Check

There are a number of books in the world, says *Collier's*, that are bound in human skin.

Probably cheque books.

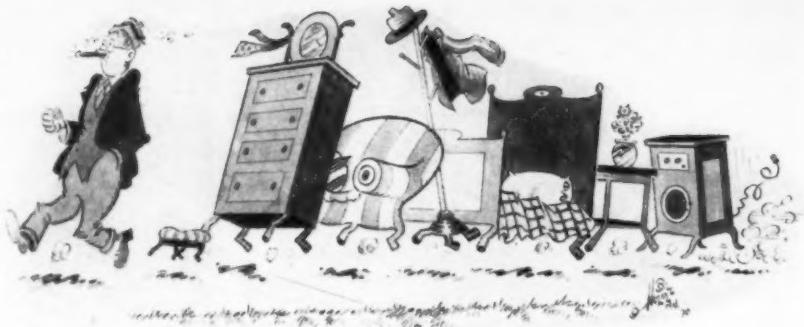
SIMILE—As enthusiastic as a postman delivering a bill to himself.



On the Hog

"A pig is so physically constituted that it cannot look up without lying on its back," says the *Pathfinder*.

So is Business.



The spiritualistic medium moves.

The World At Work

CALL ON THE UNIVERSITIES! And professors pored over their formulae until far into the night. Students, in the laboratories, forgot proms and athletics. Theses written! Prizes to the winners!

SEND OUT THE EXPLORERS! And brave bands of men trekked the hot plains of Arabia, and wallowed through the snows of the Arctic.

SEEK UNDER THE EARTH! And geologists slaved day and night to procure new minerals and stones.

THE FARMS TO THE RESCUE! Throughout the world farmers, under scientific direction, grew strange plants and trees, and grafted them with others yet stranger.

THE TESTING LABORATORIES! Great minds tested the minerals—and the plants—and the trees. Retorts! Bunsen

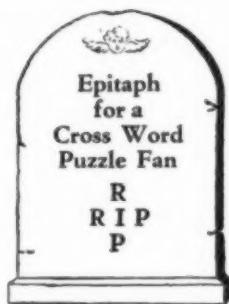
burners! Distillation plants! Formulae! Fatal explosions! Asphyxiations!

BRING ON THE BIOLOGIST! Every creature that walks, swims or flies went to the vivisection room.

AND THE MATHEMATICIANS! They too must help. Shades of Euclid and Bacon and Descartes! Abstruse equations! The calculus! The fourth dimension!

And then at last—triumph!—And a new brand of lipstick went on the market.

—P. C.



The Valley of Death

A military expert says that the next war will be fought with radio waves. Yes, and the headlines will read "Millions Bored to Death."

The Last Straw

The city recreation department will sponsor a dance on the boardwalk at the beach, with panamas the only permissible attire for both sexes.

San Diego, Cal., *Union*.

Marriage, Inc.

"Numerous marriages that prove failures would probably turn out otherwise if they were conducted on a business-like basis."
—Advice Newspaper Column.

Dear Mrs. Jones:

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$289.62, in payment of last month's accounts. As a result of our new economy plan, we are forced to curtail expenditures at least 10% this month. Will appreciate your cooperation.

Very truly yours,
Whipple K. Jones.

JONES & JONES
Departmental Communication

From: President

To: Maintenance dept., Mrs. Jones.

Re: Several buttons missing from white shirts; estimate cost of repair at 50 cents; imperative that this matter be given attention immediately.

This is the fifth and final notice!
W. K. J.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Herewith are this month's bills. Will appreciate your check for \$486.33 to cover them.

In line with our new economy program, I am pleased to report that I have lowered expenditures in the departments under my supervision well over the required 10%.

As an example, I purchased a \$170 coat in place of one priced at \$200. I substituted an \$18 hat for a \$20 one.

Really, I think you should enclose an additional check for a minimum of \$50—as a sort of bonus, you know.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Whipple K. Jones.

Dear Mr. Jones:

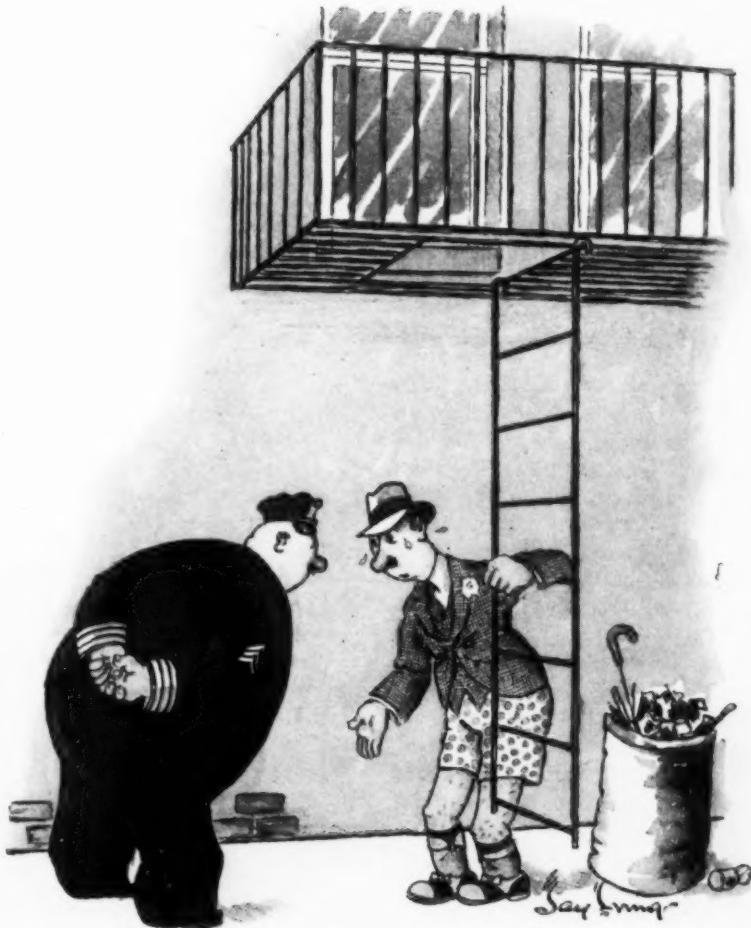
I have made several requests that you pay \$400 expense money, which is now two months past due, as per our contract that I should visit my sister in Sallisaw. This agreement was drawn up in legal form when you joined that golf club.

If I do not receive same by the 10th inst., I shall place the matter in the hands of my attorneys for collection.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Whipple K. Jones.
—Brook Branwade.



"It isn't the heat; that was my wife!"



"That was no lady; it's the humidity!"

LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

The Man Who Would Be President

"I LIKE everything about it," Charles Curtis replied to a friend congratulating him on being elected vice president, "except those damned coattails."

Maybe he still dislikes the coattails, but persuade him to give them up now!

How the man has changed! He thinks of little but the White House now, and it's the old song,—"Tough Bill" has become "Sweet William." Not that there was anything really tough about Curtis, ever, or that he is any too "sweet" even now.

But the old pleasures are gone forever. Time was when nothing gave him so much pleasure as to win a big pot in poker—or even a small one. The squawks of that multimillionaire, Senator Couzens, of Michigan, on being bluffed out of \$1.25, back in the days when Curtis was a carefree, happy senator, were as music to his soul.

But no more! He read a lot of criticism of his old buddy Warren G. Harding playing poker after he was President. So draw and stud are things of the past.

And very little if any drinking. A recent anonymous book to the contrary notwithstanding, "Egg Charley," as that book calls him, was not known in other days as a tee-totaler.

But he saw the dangers of that too. Senator William Cabell Bruce, of Maryland, gave Curtis a bad half hour during the 1928 campaign. He charged that Curtis, at the Laurel race track, gave one Robert Ennis, a Baltimore politician, a drink out of his flask!

IT was a terrible thing to say, especially as it wasn't true. It wasn't Curtis' flask at all! Curtis denied the whole story hotly. So did Bob Ennis, as well he might, for it was his flask. Curtis' friends said it was a couple of other fellows. Bruce was murdered politically by a Dry Republican senatorial candidate in wringing wet Maryland shortly thereafter.

He still will travel a hundred miles any day to see a horse race. He has had

to give up betting on the ponies, since the Presidential bug got working, but at least he can watch them run. His mind may go back to the old days when, as a jockey, he saw quite a bit of the seamy side of the sport of kings.

On one occasion the owner for whose stable he was riding sent him as a spy into a rival stable. The new owner loaned him, unwittingly of course, back to his real master to ride a race. The intention was for Charley to pull his real owner's horse, and throw the



race. It was the kind of plot that the movies have been using in war spy pictures.

When the crew of Owner No. 2 realized that Charley was riding his old master's horse to win they fired revolvers and sicked a dog on the horse. But virtue triumphed and the fadeout probably showed the Old Master patting Charley's head.

Those were the good old days!

Charley never had much sense of humor. But now he has gone solemn. The whole country laughed with glee over his social war in behalf of his half sister, Dolly Gann, against Mrs. Nicholas Longworth.

But Charley didn't laugh. Neither

did Dolly. They were fighting grimly—and made no bones about saying so—not only for the dignity of the Vice Presidency, but for Dolly's right to rank as Charley's wife in official Washington Society, against the day when Charley might be President!

A fortune teller who achieved some word of mouth notoriety by telling the wife of Senator Harding that her husband would become President may be partly responsible. She has predicted that Curtis will be President. But Curtis had been figuring on it long before that. He really thought he had a good chance of being nominated at Kansas City instead of Hoover.

Hoover's close friends still call him "Bert." One doubts if anyone really called Coolidge "Cal" to his face, but Harding was "Warren" to just as many people when he was president as he was after he had been defeated for governor, in Ohio, and seemed destined to finish his days as a small time editor.

But it is not "Charley" any more. He is Vice President now, and you better remember it.

IT really is a pity. For here is a man who really had a marvelous political equipment. He would make a wonderful teammate for Hoover, if there could be teamwork in the Administration. He has nearly all the fine points of the game which Hoover lacks. If these two could supplement each other Jouett Shouse and Charley Michelson would have a lot more trouble bedeviling the Administration.

For Curtis really knows how to handle men. Supremely cynical—he once remarked that the elder La Follette would have been a regular if he had gotten the committee places he wanted—he goes right to the meat of any problem. He finds out what the malcontents want, gives it to them, and gets their votes. He knows how to bring order out of chaos, to untangle messes, and to get things done.

When he was senator he not only played ball with Boies Penrose and Jim Watson, but was so admired by Borah and Norris that they favored his nomination for President!

But now he sits on a ten foot high throne by day, flaunts his officially recognized social supremacy in the evenings, and dreams of the White House at night.

"I See By the Papers . . ." by Will B. Johnstone



Theatre

The "Vanities"

EARL CARROLL has gone the movie producers one better. They are said to appraise the mental age of the American public at 12 years. Mr. Carroll not only does that, but he seems to think that those twelve years have been spent in the back room of a saloon.

Anything like an accurate report of the Vanities would probably bar this amiable publication from the mails. The humor is utterly offensive, unless you are very hard to offend, and supremely dull, unless you are very easy to amuse. The music at least isn't dirty, but if you hear it over the radio it will give you a good chance to go and see what's in the ice box. The

spectacle, where Mr. Carroll's own taste is more assertive, is magnificent: but so gorgeous, so fantastic, so barbaric that the tired business man may end up too stunned to get any sublimating done at all.

Maurice Ravel's "Bolero" would make an old Roman orgy look like an Iowa corn-husking bee. . . . There is the male, I think, dancer, prowling about the stage in great stealthy leaps while a perfectly incredible panorama of pulchritude wriggles and dances to the beat of the jungle drums. Aloft as in a dream are three (3) Aphrodite, inferentially nude, who view the carnal tornado below with ceremonious uneasiness, a restrained, troubled rhythm of heeps and shulders—interpreting,

possibly, the Spirit of the Bridge Prize.

Other spectacularities are the "Chromium" number, with a gleaming Pennsylvania Station motif, "Mask and Hands," beautiful but bewildering, and "Prehistoric Curtain," which may be a reply to Ziegfeld's elephants. A dinosaur ambles out with Lucille Page in his jaws, whence she escapes to do a dance while old Rover looks on with a predatory leer, foaming at the mouth and giving you a rough idea that in these times it's tough to be extinct.

Economically, Earl Carroll's new idea of price and capacity offers fresh hope to the legitimate theatre. But it is too bad that he too accepts the pernicious fallacy of Broadway that the public wants only dirty farce.

"Cloudy with Showers"

SEX—as snickered at by an eighteen-year-old school girl and a ten-year-old professor. The young lady is one of those saucy little things who is just learning to call a spade a thpade. The whole thing is plastered with infantile innuendoes and childish naughtiness—and proves, at least, that a little miss obviously designed to gravitate between the bedroom and the kitchen should not come giggling into the halls of learning.

Written by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell, produced by the Shuberts. However, Life waives its new constitutional privileges to the use of the word lousy. This play isn't lousy, it's terrible.

"Friendship"

THIS play is about three men and a prig, and a young lady with that maddening form of mental measles called Being Herself.

George Townsend, good old dog, urbane and lovable, has been so good to her and she is so sick of it all! Just absurd in a gilded cage! "I—I—oh, you don't understand, Joe—but Cecil does. I want to *WRITE!*"

Digression: George M. Cohan has for theatre-goers the same genius that Niagara Falls is said to have for honeymooners. He is a natural wonder, and as such taken for granted, limited by the too ready acceptance of a million friends, lacking only unfamiliarity.

For, out of the situation indicated
(Continued on page 30)



"Allow me to present the author—the man who created your rôle!"

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Street Scene"

AS stated before in this department, we do not make a practice of comparing motion pictures with Broadway stage plays from which they are taken, except in instances where the play has had an exceptionally long run and is known generally.

"Street Scene" was the Pulitzer Prize play of 1929—and deservedly so. As a movie "Street Scene" does not rate any such superlative commendation. This does not mean that it is not a good movie. It is excellent entertainment, but it is not nearly as absorbing a movie as it was a play.

Elmer Rice, the author, wrote a play around a group of people in a cheap rooming house, and the merit of the story lay in the convincing manner in which he built up each character and endowed it with the interest and sympathetic appeal which can only come with an intimate knowledge of the character's thoughts and reactions. To do this in a short space of time it was necessary for the audience to be constantly in contact with the characters, and the one way to accomplish it in a two-hour play was just as Mr. Rice did—by using one scene in which the characters were kept before you at all times—and in the same proportions—from start to finish. This is not compatible with the mobility of the movie camera and scenario writing. If it's a movie you must have closeups and long shots, and if there is a mob scene there must be thousands of people milling around in confusion with the well known movie mob sound effects in which one loud voice always strikes the phoney note by rising above the others every few seconds with a "Wooo-ooo!" or "Waaa-aaa!" Every time the camera moves to a closeup or, for any reason, takes the attention of the audience from the original scene, Mr. Rice's idea is weakened—and every time outside characters come flocking into the picture, Mr. Rice's characters lose something of their intimate importance.

And there was nothing to be gained by sticking the camera in the faces of the players. None of them are particularly beautiful, nor were they in-

tended to be—and they are all sufficiently proficient to put over the import of their lines without your having to see the words being born in the oral cavity.

The cast, with a single exception, is excellent. The exception is Estelle Taylor. Why they gave her the rôle of *Mrs. Maurrant* is a mystery. Miss Taylor was acceptable as a silent actress, but her diction is not suitable for talkies and if movie producers don't know it by now, they don't want to.

The outstanding player is Sylvia Sidney whose performance is even more impressive than her splendid work in "An American Tragedy." Miss Sidney has learned the value of quiet poignancy. She gives the impression that she is always playing well within herself—as golfers say—and this convincing illusion of repressed emotion makes her dramatic moments the more convincing when she discards the wraps. There is no more promising young actress on the screen today than Miss Sidney.

Other especially fine characterizations are offered by David Landau (the jealous husband), and Beulah Bondi (the gossip monger) of the original stage cast. Mr. Landau should have no trouble locating a permanent job in talkies. William Collier, Jr. is adequate as the young Jewish student . . . which is not an attempt to damn him with faint praise but pretty close to it.

"Bad Girl"

AND because we never make comparisons between movies and other things, we will state that the screen version of "Bad Girl" is more entertaining than either the book by Viña Delmar or the play which ran last year. To get to the point immediately, "Bad Girl" is just as entertaining a picture as "Street Scene," so put it on your list.

With all due respect to the author, we believe that most of the success of the film is due to the effort of Director Frank Borzage and Edwin Burke. Mr. Burke, as you probably do not know, is a dialogue writer, and in this one he completely outdid himself. Mr. Borzage then came along and, with his

usual sympathetic handling of young screen players, proceeded to "make" a couple of stars. They are Sally Eilers and James Dunn. Miss Eilers has been in the movies quite a spell, but she has never given promise of any such performance as she offers in "Bad Girl." She is simply swell. And this Dunn fellow is the most refreshingly natural young man we have encountered on the screen in a long time. The third important member of the cast is the well known stage actress Minna Gombell, who also acquits herself commendably.

"Bad Girl" offers the whole works in screen entertainment. For irresistible humor you can't ask for anything better than the scene in the hospital with the group of young expectant fathers waiting for the news. And for simple, convincing tear-jerking you will see few things more moving than the poor young husband's appeal to the famous doctor to take his wife's case.

The story, as you may know, concerns the marriage of a middleclass boy and girl. He has saved some money and wants a business of his own. But a baby comes along and upsets the big plan. Because of the inopportune circumstances she thinks he resents the child, and he thinks she does. He is the sort of boy who pretends to be very hard-boiled to hide his real feelings, and she is sensitive. Under Mr. Borzage's skillful guidance the situation is developed into a picture that is far above the average.

"Pardon Us"

The type of humor that is presented by the team of Stan Laurel and "Babe" Hardy is suitable for two-reel comedies only, and should be kept in these bounds.

In their first feature length film "Pardon Us" there are just about two reels of laughs. The rest is padding.

We must give them credit for one very funny gag—it has to do with making pets of the blood hounds put on their trail after their jail break. Don't see this one unless you giggle easily or consider a few good chuckles worth your evening.

CONTRACT BRIDGE by ELY CULBERTSON



PROBLEMS AND POST MORTEMS

Mr. Culbertson will gladly give free counsel to LIFE readers regarding any problems on any phase of bidding or play in Contract Bridge. Address all communications to Mr. Ely Culbertson, Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Throwing Out the Life Line

ONE of the most trying partners is the habitual rescuer. His partner doubles (or is doubled) and immediately the lifesaver sees him floundering hopelessly in a tumultuous sea of adverse Aces, Kings and ruffs. Up the beach he dashes! Out shoots his life buoy! The moron opposite him must be saved at all costs! When his rescue equipment turns out to be not a cork float but a leaden weight the partnership sinks and a sour penalty minus is scored instead of a luscious penalty plus. Frequently, however, occasions arise when a doubler for penalties needs all the help his partner can give him. There are many holdings which promise penalties but which will show a profit only if played at a sacrifice bid, the opponents being able to make their contract doubled.

Theodore Lightner, one of the ten ranking players in the United States and one of my team mates on The Bridge World Championship Team of Four, held the South hand in the following deal in a rubber game. He received scant thanks from his partner for a rescue, but when the hasty judgment of the doubler was checked there was an embarrassed apology.

Neither side Vulnerable North the Dealer

♠ A-8-6	♦ K-J-9-3-2	♣ K-J-5-4
♦ 5		♦ 10-8-6
♣ Q-J-9-5		♦ 8-2
♠ Q-10-9-7	N	♣ A-8-7-6
♦ A-Q-7-5-4	W	
♦ A-6	E	
♣ K-2	S	
♠ 3-2		
♦ None		
♦ K-Q-J-10-9-7-4-3		
♣ 10-4-3		

The Bidding

North	East	South	West
Pass	Pass	Pass	1 ♠ (1)
Pass	3 ♠ (2)	4 ♦ (3)	4 ♥ (4)
Double (5)	Pass	5 ♦ (6)	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	

(1) A sound fourth hand bid with three and a half honor-tricks.

(2) An over-enthusiastic raise. The hand has inadequate trump support and insufficient playing tricks.

(3) A good second round bid with a hand that was soundly passed on the first round.

(4) More than sufficient additional strength to justify the game try in view of the strong supporting bid from East.

(5) A fine penalty double, apparently good for a set of not less than three tricks and possibly four, a penalty of from 400 to 600.

(6) The result of this bid made North feel that his partner had thrown him a window weight instead of a float. Mr. Lightner was set three tricks, a loss of 300 points—400 minus 100 honors. West opened with the seven of spades and took the first lead of trumps with his Ace, laying down the King and Dence of clubs, getting a ruff with his small trump on East's return of the third club. In his forthcoming book, "Highlights of the Culbertson System," Mr. Lightner says that when North put down his hand as dummy he remarked (among other things) that if he had known he would have to play against all three players at the table he would have stayed at home. Apparently he was right, as a more sure double could scarcely be found.

ANALYSIS of the hand, however, shows that West, with proper play, can make four odd at hearts against any defense.

With West as the Declarer, North would open with the five of diamonds and the play would proceed as follows:

(Note: The underscored card is the winner of the trick. The card immediately under is the next lead.)



"How would you play it, Mr. Culbertson?"

	North	East	South	West
1	♦ 5	♦ 8	♦ 9	♦ A
2	♠ 6	♠ J	♠ 2	♠ 7
3	♣ 5	♣ 6	♣ 3	♣ K
4	♣ 9	♣ A	♣ 4	♣ 2
5	♣ J	♣ 8	♣ 10	♥ 4
6	♠ A	♠ 5	♠ 3	♠ 9
7	♠ 8	♠ K	♦ 3	♠ 10
8	♣ Q	♣ 7	♦ 4	♥ 5
9	♥ 2	♠ 4	♦ 7	♠ Q
10	♥ 3	♥ 10	♦ 10	♥ 7
11	♥ 9	♦ 2	♦ J	♦ 6
12	♥ J	♥ 8	♦ Q	♥ Q
13	♥ K	♥ 6	♦ K	♥ A

The hand would give Declarer opportunity for a beautiful end play. At the eleventh trick North is forced to ruff his partner's trick and must lead a trump to Declarer's Ace-Queen. North is therefore limited to his Ace of spades and two trump tricks, Declarer making his contract doubled, giving him 240 points, four odd at their doubled value, 50 for making his contract and the first game on rubber, the value of which is about 400 points or a total of 690. Mr. Lightner's rescue, therefore, although apparently a losing sacrifice, really netted a profit of 390 points.

This hand illustrates one of the principles which should govern a player in considering taking partner out of a penalty double. Many players think that lack of trumps in his hand promises length in the doubler's hand, increasing the likelihood of scoring a large penalty. This lack, however, frequently means that Declarer has nine or ten in his own and dummy's hand and that distribution or an end play will give Declarer his contract, perhaps even an overtrick.

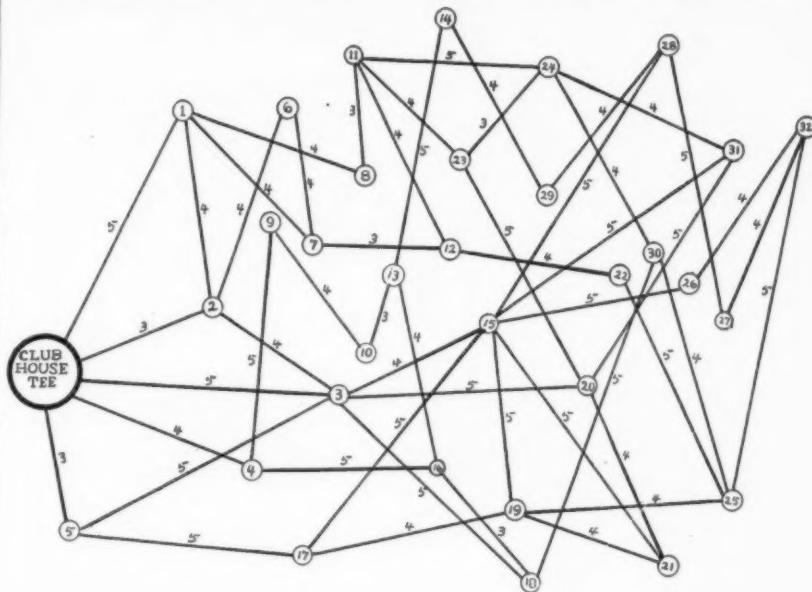
Holding a long powerful suit which has been bid without defensive strength on the side, and with none or only one of the trump suit, a takeout of partner's penalty double is many times really a saving bid and gives the rescuer a credit boost towards the Bridge players' Nirvana.

Expensive Grease

"You spent thirty thousand bucks to equip a speakeasy? Why, your fixtures shouldn't have cost more than six hundred!"

"I know. But it wasn't the fixtures; it was the fixings!"

Pick Your Own Golf Course! See If You Can Construct the Par 34 Layout

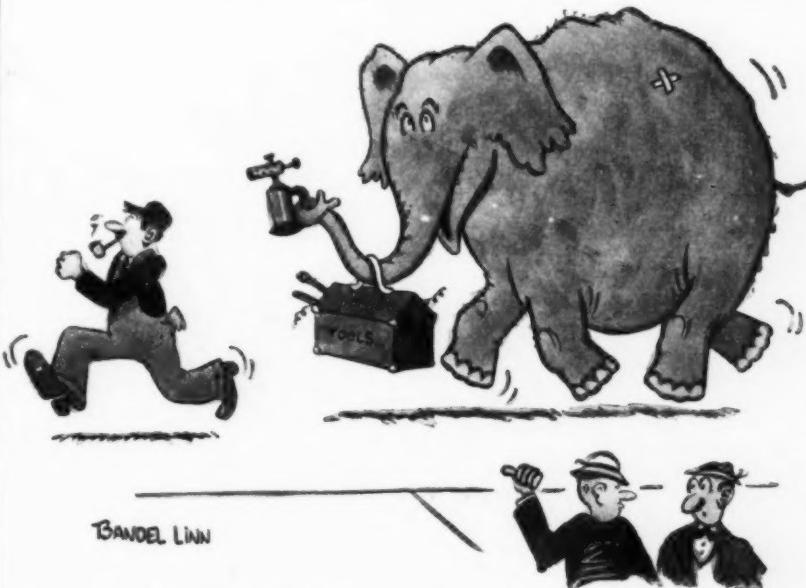


On this golf links there is a nine-hole course for which par is only 34. That may mean that you can go around in 50 or 55. But can you find the course?

The lines show the fairways, the circles are the holes and tees. You begin at the club house tee—and end where you like. But the club house tee is only a tee—not a hole. And when you arrive at a hole you must take one of the fairways leading away from it. But no fair going to the same hole twice or over the same fairway twice.

Find the par 34 course. There are two or three at 35 and any number at 36 or more. But only one at 34!

SOLUTION NEXT WEEK



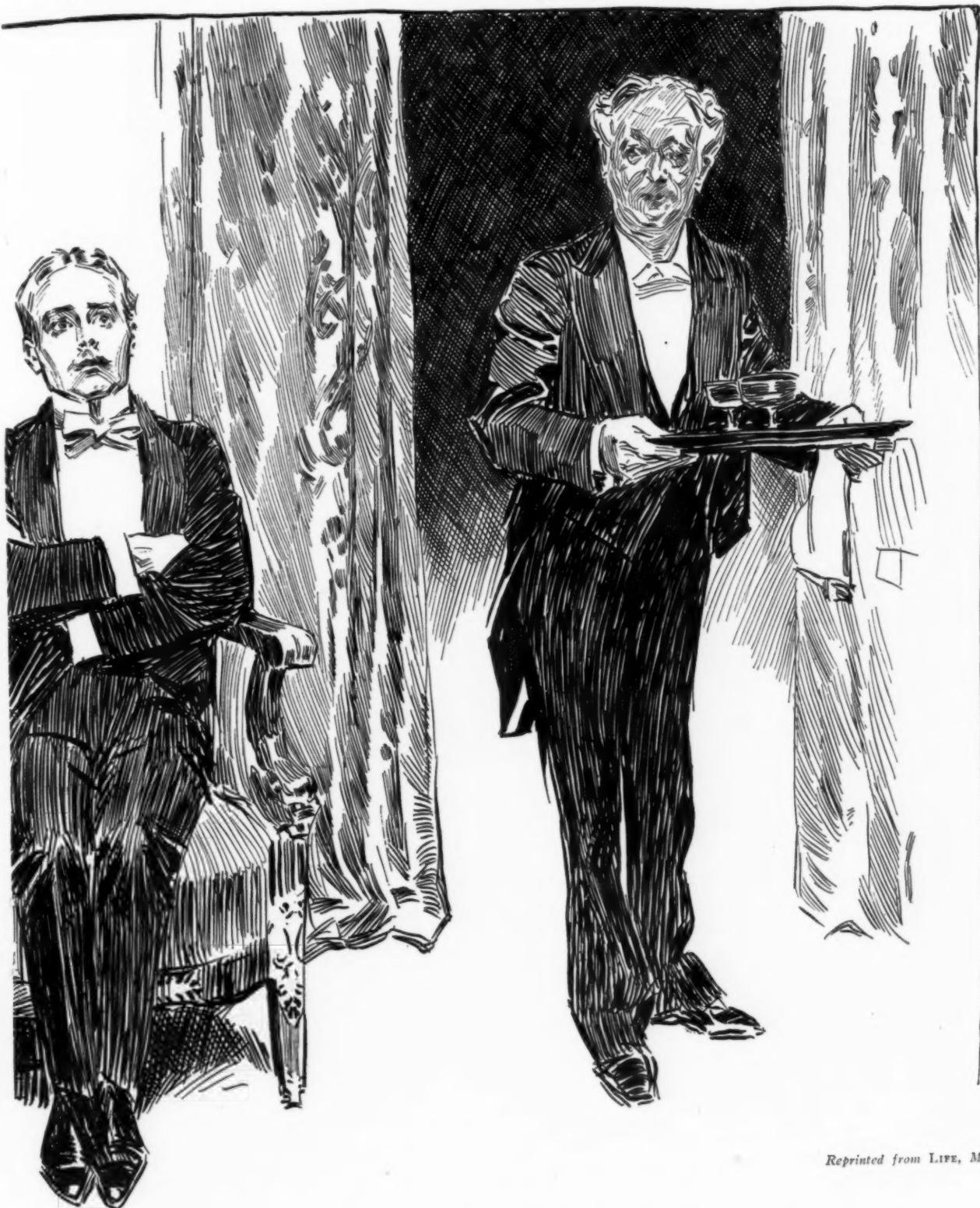
"That plumber's got an unusual memory."

From Lipe's



A LITTLE
As Told by

Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, May 2, 1895.

STORY
a Sleeve.

Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.
 * Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.
 X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.
 (Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

GRAND HOTEL. *National*, \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Eugénie Leontovich offers one of the outstanding performances of the season.

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOL STREET. *Empire*, \$3.85 (Matinee Wed. & Thurs.—No Saturday performances)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

THE UNEXPECTED HUSBAND. *48th Street*, \$3.00 (*)—With none but the good shows able to stand the financial lethargy of Summer, this one won't be around long. Hugh Cameron gives a commendable performance.

AFTER TOMORROW, CLOUDY WITH SHOWERS and FRIENDSHIP—Reviewed in this issue.

MUSICAL

THE BAND WAGON. *New Amsterdam*, \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years. Get in if you can.

THE THIRD LITTLE SHOW. *Music Box*, \$5.50 (Matinee Wed. & Thurs. No Saturday Matinee)—The best thing Beatrice Lillie has ever done, so of course you should see it. Walter O'Keefe is runner-up to Miss Lillie with Ernest Truex, Constance Carpenter, Gertrude MacDonald and Carl Randall offering capable support.

FOLLIES. *Ziegfeld*, \$5.50 (X)—Some amazing dancing by Hal LeRoy and Mitzi Mayfair—the highly entertaining colored team of Buck and Bubbles—lovely girls in typical Ziegfeld surroundings—that effective Buckingham Palace scene—and some clever writing by Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger. And they do say that Mr. Ziegfeld has found some new material for his stars, Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl. They certainly didn't have any when the show opened.

SHOOT THE WORKS. *Coban*, \$3.00—This is Heywood Broun's show for the benefit of unemployed talent. Some good numbers, and if you like Heywood it's the chance of a lifetime.

EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES. *Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.

RECORDS

VICTOR

RED, RED ROSES AND PALE WHITE MOONLIGHT—Gus Arnhem and His Cocoanut Grove Orchestra in a dignified description

of this color scheme—done principally in a low register. and

SWEET AND LOVELY—A bit of sentiment set to a tune that, without it, would suggest blue notes and stomp rhythm. Same orchestra.

AS TIME GOES BY—Rudy Vallée's assertion that in spite of Mr. Einstein's theories and such, love, lovers and love stories never change. He is supported by His Connecticut Yankees. and

BEGGING FOR LOVE—Rudy pleads irresistibly in Irving Berlin's latest ballad.

WHEN YUBA PLAYS THE RUMBA ON THE TUBA (*The Third Little Show*)—Hear The Revelers' amusing and spicy interpretation of Yuba's overnight success. and

DANCING IN THE DARK—To remind you of their serious artistry, The Revelers choose this Band Wagon hit for further entertainment.

WHAT IS IT?—Leonard Joy conducts The High Hatters in this foxtrot with special



In "Earl Carroll's Vanities"

The boys playing horse are the acrobatic team of Mitchell and Durant—then to the right the "Theremin Trio" grabbing tunes out of the ether. The girl doing the stretching exercise is Lucille Page. Note that Lucille's legs are perfectly straight. Try it. The animal is Rover, Lucille's straight man. Below we find Will Mahoney (playing the xylophone with his feet), Lillian Roth and William Demarest.

notice that it is in Buck Dance Rhythm. Frank Luther sings the refrain. and

ME!—The Irving Berlin number done in Soft Shoe Tempo by the same outfit.

A LITTLE LESS OF MOONLIGHT and

I APOLOGIZE—Nat Shilkret and the Victor orchestra contribute two foxtrots. Fair tunes. Paul Small sings the choruses.

SHEET MUSIC

WHY DANCE? (No show)

LADY OF SPAIN (No show)

I'M FALLING IN LOVE (No show)

NOBODY LOVES NO BABY LIKE MY BABY LOVES ME (No show)

MOVIES

SILENCE. *Paramount*—Clive Brook, Peggy Shannon, John Wray and other expert performers in a well directed story about a big-hearted man who refuses to admit he is the father of his long lost child rather than make her unhappy. Yes.

THE MIRACLE WOMAN. *Radio*—A well aimed slam at commercial evangelism with a personal touch at Aimee Semple McPherson. Impressive performances by Barbara Stanwyck, David Manners and Sam Hardy. Yes.

THE LAST FLIGHT. *First National*—Don't be too analytical and you will enjoy the screen version of the John Monk Saunders' stories, "Nikki And Her Flyers." Richard Barthelmess, Helen Chandler, Elliott Nugent, John Mack Brown and David Manners are very entertaining. Yes.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN. *Paramount*—Not as good as "Tom Sawyer" but Junior Durkin's fine performance makes it worth while. Yes.

SPORTING BLOOD. *Metro*—Horsey people will love this race track story. Others will be bored stiff. Clark Gable and Madge Evans appear at a disadvantage. No.

THE STAR WITNESS. *Warner*—The best film sermon against the racketeer to date. Excellent cast includes "Chic" Sale, Walter Huston and Frances Starr. Yes.

RECKLESS HOUR. *First National*—Birth-control comes to the movies . . . and is Will Hays' face red. Tsk, tsk! Well acted. Don't take Junior. Maybe.

TRANSATLANTIC. *Fox*—A good movie that might have been a great one if Director William Howard had not become so intrigued with a gun fight that he neglected his climax. And good news . . . Greta Nissen can speak English now. Also flowers for Edmund Lowe, Lois Moran and Billy Bevan. Yes.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY. *Paramount*—Not as much of a tragedy as you may believe if you have read the newspaper accounts of Theodore Dreiser's charges against the Paramount Company for mistreating his novel. Some glaring faults but worth while for the big moments. Yes.

POLITICS. *Metro-Goldwyn*—You'd probably go to see Marie Dressler no matter what we said—and any time you see her she will make you laugh—which she will in this one—so go ahead. Yes.

THE COMMON LAW. *R-K-O*—Constance Bennett in a so-so picture taken from the ancient Robert W. Chambers novel dealing with the problem as to whether or not a woman should "tell", with sidelights on the question: "To what social standing is a discriminately loose woman entitled?" No.

Join the Tower Health League



More than a million people have sent for copies of "Self-Directed Body-Building Drills" and Exercise Charts. Each week thousands of letters come to the Metropolitan Tower telling how proper exercise has brought better physical and mental health to the members of the Tower Health League—the biggest gymnasium class in the world. From the Metropolitan Tower special radio exercises are broadcast in fifteen minute periods every morning except Sundays and holidays. You may choose your own class each morning at whatever time is convenient, between 6:45 and 8:00 A. M.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Dept. 1031-F
One Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of "Self-Directed Body-Building Drills" containing diagrams and descriptions of the 32 exercises planned for the members of the Tower Health League.

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City State

SIT up straight, take a deep breath and promise yourself three things—better health, better appearance and a greater capacity for success.

The chances are that you have more brains than brawn and, like many others, lack the physical tone needed for your work whatever it may be.

Perhaps you will say, "I get enough exercise and I haven't the slightest desire to have big, bulgy muscles." Bulgy muscles are not essential to good health. Occasional week-end games will not develop the physical tone that comes only from regulated daily exercise the year round.

The muscles you use each day are not the ones which need exercise. Those you do not use need it. If you will begin stretching them this autumn, you will soon enjoy a sense of mental and physical well-being and be better fit to meet changing seasons.

Will you try a few experiments in order to find out how many of your muscles are very much in need of exercise? Give yourself fifteen minutes of intelligent muscle-stretching in your own room. Within twenty-four hours you will know which important muscles have been neglected.

Where vacuum cleaners and electric washing machines have replaced brooms and washboards, and automobiles have made long walks unusual, many a good muscle has gone soft. Muscles intended to be used in chopping wood, pumping water, digging, planting, rowing and swimming are likely to be forgotten by those who burn gas or fuel oil, turn faucets, have no gardens and seat themselves comfortably in power boats or motor cars.

Wake up the little-used muscles which need exercise. Your heart is a muscle and the walls of your blood-vessels, stomach and intestines are largely muscle. If your diaphragm—a muscle—is not exercised, your lungs can do only part of their work and the abdominal organs will become sluggish because they lack the stimulating massage which an active diaphragm gives.

No one who has any organic weakness should exercise without the advice of a competent physician. Misdirected or too violent exercise may be harmful. Proper and intelligently directed exercise promotes health for young and old and enables them to get more joy out of life.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Our Foolish Contemporaries

NEW NEIGHBOR: Have you any brothers and sisters, dear?

MARGERY: I had a brother, but we're divorced.

NEIGHBOR: Divorced?

MARGERY: Yes; pa's got Jackie and ma's got me.

—*Boston Transcript*.

There is much that is illuminating in the recent alleged discovery that Abraham Lincoln suffered from a mild form of insanity. It was this trait that set him apart from his fellows—and it sets him apart from most Americans today. We all have the requisite insanity, but it is not mild enough.

—*Kansas City Star*.

BRIDE: You did splendidly with the wall-papering, darling. But what are those lumps?

GROOM: Good heavens! I forgot to take down the pictures!

—*Pearson's*.

It's fair enough for you to think movie producers dumb. They obviously think you are.

—*Publishers' Syndicate*.



"I've never seen girls so utterly lacking in modesty as they are here, have you John?"

"No. And the air's good, too!" —*The Humorist*.

Mr. J.: My dear, this book is a remarkable work. Nature is marvellous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man.

Mrs. J.: A woman doesn't have to wade through four hundred pages to discover that!

—*The Outspan*.

"Look here, Waiter, I just found a collar button in my soup."

"Oh, thank you, sir. I have been looking all over for it."

—*Pathfinder*.

Teamwork is a wonderful thing; where would the frog get if he jumped with one leg at a time?

—*Pete Stewart in St. Augustine (Fla.) Record*.

EMPLOYER: Biggs, you have now been in our employment for 40 years. To mark our appreciation of your length of service and unswerving loyalty, you will henceforth be addressed as "Mr. Biggs."

—*Smith's Weekly, Australia*.

"I want a muzzle," said the customer to the man behind the counter.

"Yes, sir," said the shop-keeper. "Would this suit you?"

"No, that would hold the mouth too tightly shut," said the prospective purchaser.

"Very well, sir," was the reply, "but I just sold one to a woman."

"Yes," said the customer, "I suppose it would do for a woman, but I want mine for a dog."

—*London Tatler*.

In a certain American prison, we are told, a convict is allowed to receive homemade cake from his wife. If the prisoner has a good conduct record, however, he is not forced to eat it.

—*The Humorist*.



WIFE (after the guests have gone): I'm sorry I didn't back you up darling; but you told quite a new story to-night, so how was I to know when to laugh? —*Punch (by permission)*.

The devil-fish, or octopus, is reported as invading the coast waters of France. A refined octopus will appear in nothing less than an eight-piece bathing-suit.

—*Punch*.

Books and Authors

A GANGLING, engaging Georgian is NUNNALLY JOHNSON. Sprawled uncomfortably over a little gilt chair, he reported that he has moved to Miami Beach so that he can work and loaf simultaneously. His real career, he insists, is loafing.

"I'm always patting little dogs and helping old ladies across the streets, hoping somebody will appreciate me and leave me a million," he said plaintively.

Meanwhile, write he must. So he stays in Florida six or seven months; hurries to New York for a month or so until he has completely broken down his health; up to the mountains to recuperate; back to wreck the job in Manhattan, then, "home to the beach, to work, to loaf, to leer."

His beautiful wife doesn't mind. Whatever he is doing, she just placidly goes shopping.

ONE of Nunnally's buddies is Heywood Broun with whom he collaborated in writing the book of the musical show, "Shoot The Works." In addition to his admiration for Nunnally as a writer, Heywood also has faith in his ability as a ping-pong expert and will gladly wager fifty cents a set on his choice against the field. On a party Mr. Broun may be seen going about promoting matches and lining up the unsuspecting opponents, and then, once the play is begun, he stands on the sidelines and encourages his man with a sharp, staccato cheer which goes, "Rah—Rah—Rah . . . Shoot-The-Works . . . Johnson!" The cheer explodes just as Mr. Johnson's opponent is about to make a particularly difficult return. Heywood and Nunnally usually collect.

JOHNSON wasn't happy in his home in the South, until he moved North. Then his one ambition was to earn enough to move back.

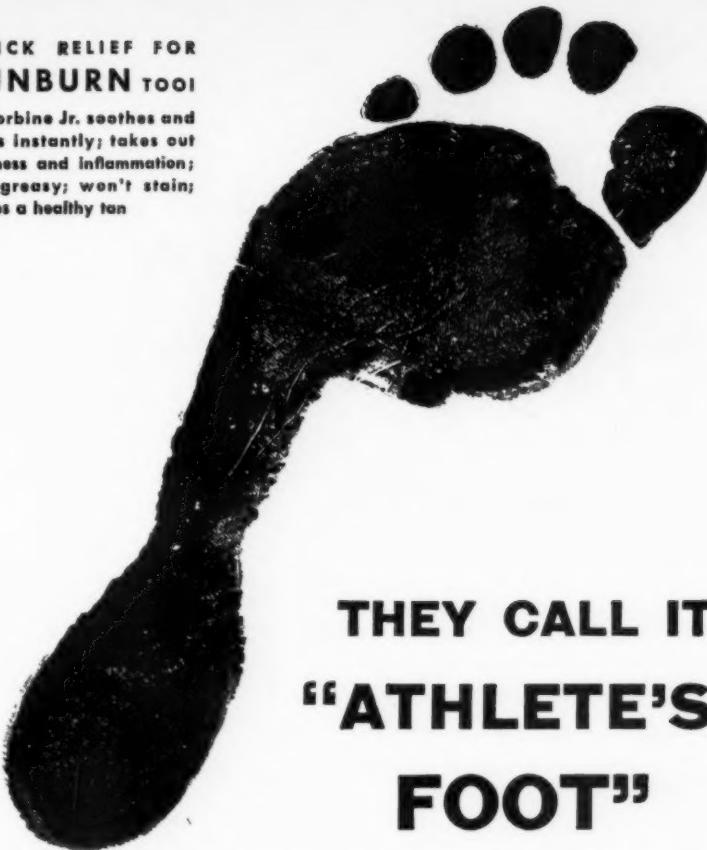
He's a humorist to keep from being a reformer. Really violent about prohibition, labor, the American Merchant Marine, "in desperation," he confessed, "I have to kid them."

—Maxine Davis.

Invigorating and delicious—Iced Tea flavored with Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

• QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN TOO!

Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan



THEY CALL IT "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

BUT IT ISN'T A JOKING MATTER

• Many a man and woman has paid large doctor bills and limped around for weeks because of an infection that started with a slight itching sensation between the toes.

They made the mistake of not taking more seriously this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot." Neglected, the skin between the toes soon became unwholesomely moist. It cracked—then blistered, perhaps turned red, peeled and finally became so raw as to cause pain when shoes were worn.

It's a real infection; don't
YOU take chances

Nine times out of ten this infection popularly called "Athlete's Foot" comes from a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*, which health authorities estimate to have preyed on at least half the adult population at some time in life.

Be on your guard; you encounter *tinea trichophyton* wherever you go. It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on shower bath floors, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses, beach

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

walks, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

The *tinea trichophyton* is so hardy, in fact, you can't wash it away and socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it.

But you can douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet morning and night and after every bath. For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also shown its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep on using it, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. At drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions





EXPLANATIONS ARE DUE:

THIS matter of dentifrices and proper care of teeth needs a lot of explaining. There are so many different tooth-pastes and conflicting claims. No wonder most of us are confused.

But there's one fact that simplifies the problem. Dentists nearly everywhere use and recommend Milk of Magnesia in the care of the teeth. And when you know there is one dentifrice made with more than 50% Milk of Magnesia you can be pretty sure it's safe and effective—especially since it's made by Squibb.

Squibb Dental Cream contains no grit or astringent—nothing that can possibly injure your teeth or the tender tissues of your gums. It cleans beautifully, and leaves the whole mouth refreshed and invigorated.

Try Squibb's after a day of excessive smoking, or before going out for the evening. Enjoy its fresh, clean taste. Your druggist has it. Get a tube from him today.

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The American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics, has placed its Seal of Acceptance on Squibb Dental Cream.



LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-four years. In that time it has expended over \$582,000 and has provided more than 54,000 country vacations for poor city children.

'Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

LIFE has two Summer Camps. The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn., while the Camp for Boys is located at Pottersville, N.J.

Previously Acknowledged.....	\$20,838.35
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TOTAL	\$21,814.85

DOES YOUR HUSBAND MISBEHAVE

GRUNT AND GRUMBLE
RANT AND RAVE

SHOOT THE BRUTE
SOME

Burma-Shave

NO BRUSH • NO LATHER • NO RUB-IN

PROOF of the



pudding

Hotel New Yorker has served 28 per cent more guests so far this year than in the same period last year. The reason? This is the hotel that gives you full value ... rates \$3.50 a day and up.

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NEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

GERMS ARE ALWAYS FOUND
WITH DANDRUFF

GLOVER'S

Imperial MARCOPHYL

MANGE MEDICINE

IS ANTISEPTIC—GERMICIDAL

POSITIVELY REMOVES
DANDRUFF

Write for FREE, New Booklet on Care and Treatment of Scalp and Hair.
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble named with an *i* and get a young lady.
- (2) Scramble *ancient* with an *s* and get an example.
- (3) Scramble *claret* with an *e* and get something sweet.
- (4) Scramble *bracelet* with an *e* and get a way to have fun.
- (5) Scramble *beats* with a *c* and get harm.

Answers on page 31

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Solution of Last Week's Leap Frog Puzzle

Frog Number 3 jumps over Frog Number 6 to land in Square J. Now Number 2 jumps over Number 5 to land in Square I. Next, Number 4 jumps Number 2, arriving at Square M, and from there Number 4 continues, leaping over Number 3 to arrive at Square G. Now Number 1 jumps Number 4 to end up in LIFE's patented trap.

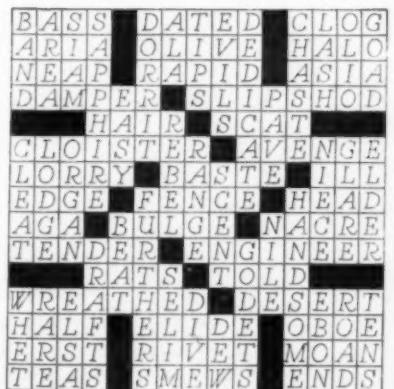
"Scottish girls are now slimmer than they used to be," says a writer. Bony Highland lassies.

—*The Humorist.*

Bernard Shaw now has two enthusiasms. The other is Russia.

—*Detroit News.*

Solution of September 11 Crossword Puzzle



THE TELEPHONE HAS LIVING IDEALS



THE Bell System is chiefly people. There is four billion dollars' worth of telephone buildings and equipment but what makes these dead things live is the organization, the skill and the ideals of the people who operate this vast plant.

The System's ideals of service are reflected through the employees in 24 regional operating companies. Each company is adapted to the needs of its particular area. Each takes advantage of the improvements developed by the 5000 members of the Bell Laboratories staff. Each avails itself of the production economies of Western Electric, which manufactures equipment of the highest quality for the whole System. Each makes use of the general and technical staff work

done by American Telephone and Telegraph.

The spirit of the people comprising this organization is also shown in the attitude of the System toward its business. Its policy is to pay a reasonable dividend to stockholders; to use all other earnings to improve and widen the service.

There are more than 600,000 American Telephone and Telegraph Company stockholders . . . and no one person owns so much as one per cent of the stock.

The ideals of the Bell System are working in your interest every time you use the telephone. Through them, you get better and better service and constantly growing value for your money.

* AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY *



By fertilizing his ranch freely, planting it scientifically and cultivating it with diligence, a Colorado farmer recently harvested 30 bushels of grasshoppers to the acre.

—*Detroit News.*

Mahatma Gandhi has changed his mind and decided to carry out his original plan of going to London. Possibly he didn't care about it himself, but thought the goats might like it.

—*New York Evening Sun.*

"Did you take my advice and sleep with the window open to cure your cold?"

"Yes."

"Did you lose your cold?"

"No, I lost my watch and my pocket-book."

—*Vart Hem, Stockholm.*

"There is something about the modern woman that gets her anything she wants," says a writer. We think it must be her husband.

—*Punch.*

WRIGLEY'S



SUGAR COATED PEPPERMINT
CHEWING GUM



A PERFECT BRIDGE HAND?

Don't be absurd, but you would like to know how to make the most of a seemingly good hand, to say nothing of one of those awful hands we all know so well. Exclusive bridge articles by Mr. Ely Culbertson, winner of the Vanderbilt cup, are appearing each week now in LIFE. His little talks are most interesting and really constructive.

There isn't any other way out. If you want to learn all the secrets of successful contract (and who doesn't?) you had better sign on the dotted line right now and you won't have to rely upon seeing a stray, and perhaps quite battered, copy of LIFE at your club or on the railroad train or steamship.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

14 weeks of LIFE for \$1.00

\$5.00 per year

LIFE

60 E. 42nd Street

New York

9-3

Name.....

Address.....

Theatre

(Continued from page 18)

with such banality, he has worked a grand show with only minor weaknesses.

Mr. Cohan is a consummate actor in his own character, and as Joe Townsend he is just that. Smart and polished, and kind enough to be deceivable. He lets the girl go to her Young Individualist, scion of a delicatessen family and a type found chiefly in the imagination of elders who have wisdom trouble. Anyway, there he is, the cad, and troubles begin. Now comes a great old character, the boy's father, a fine Belgian-German type superbly played by Robert Fischer. The three men (wait a minute for the other one) wage a great battle over the lovers' destiny, a great show in itself and deserving a better motive. (The third man is Joe's friend, the fellow who plans and fixes things, and in this rôle Minor Watson is excellent.) The issue ceases to be important long before the curtain drops, but you will have seen an entertaining show as there is on Broadway at this writing.

"After Tomorrow"

IT is very doubtful if this new John Golden offering will be with us long. We make this prediction with an honest regret that the performances of Donald Meek, Ross Alexander and Josephine Hull should serve no more useful purpose than to strike a brilliant spark in a drab setting that can hardly hope to gain popular favor. Because of these performances and the excellent stage direction we found the play interesting but were constantly aware of the fact that it was not going to prove anything. A year or two ago this story of middle class life with its heartaches and financial difficulties might have found a more ready response, but with the public more or less reduced to the very circumstances so ably portrayed in the play, a producer must offer something more unusual than "After Tomorrow" in order to keep the cash register hot.



NERVOUS PASSENGER (on maiden flight with nephew):
H-here, t-t-tell me when you're going to loop-the-loop again.
NEPHEW: Well, I don't always know. —Taller.

Two American Beaches

And How to Tell Them with
Your Eyes Closed

—“Yi! Yi! Oiving! Dunt gung in de
—“Jove! That's a stunning costume,
—vawder teel momma tells it!—So,
—dear; but isn't it a bit daring?—He
—Ginsboig! Diss iss how you avoid
—looks more like a gigolo than a
—de depression, ha?—Oy, am I sun-
—count to me!—Ya-as! Reno is a
—boined? Geev a look!—Baw! I'm
—charming place, but Havana is really
—lost!—What's yer name, kiddo?
—quicker!—Those are last season's
—Dillingham Rosenwasser, eh? Or—
—clothes she's wearing!—That new
—right! Pipe down, we'll find yer old
—ball? Pshaw! I don't care to talk
—lady!—Get 'em while they're gasp-
—about it!—Don't look now; there
—in! Hot dogs! Yip! Yip! Hear 'em
—she is with her fifth husband!—Nice
—barkin'! No, ma'am; no pork in 'em
—boat, but she ships too much water
—at all!—Dunt esk!—Ooops! I fond
—to snit me! Jolly weather we're hav-
—a neekul!—Beck poddon, medem;
—ing, isn't it?—Hello, wifey!—
—de fife zents iss mine!—Get backa
—Who's the boy-friend?—Yes, I had
—th' ropes, youse buncha Zulus!
—the story from their maid! The gun
—Wanna get drowned?—Ain't they
—wasn't loaded? How stupid!—The
—got enough garbage in Joisey wit'
—Gramms are staying in town, I hear!
—out youse floatin' over?—Gobbidge,
—Are you bidding?—Under her fath-
—ha? We'll geev you! you bomm life
—er's will, she must stay married at
—guard, you!—Splesh! Splesh! How
—least five years before she shares in
—you like deese!—Hm, soch a doity
—the estate!—No, no! He's no rela-
—leedle feller; queeck! Run by de
—tion; just their bootlegger!—Look!
—ocean and get vashed!“
—Someone in the water!”

—Dana L. Cotie.



10th Prize

WHY I CHANGED TO MARLBORO CONTEST
Irwin Shaffer, New York.

I smoked 15-cent cigarettes until I realized that only a few cents are left to buy tobacco — considering the 6-cent per package U. S. tax and tremendous advertising expenditures.

I smoke Marlboros because they are better — better not because of a more clever catchword or slogan — but better because that extra nickel buys better tobacco!

Irwin Shaffer.

...55% more
in safety and
enjoyment at
only 5 cents
more in price

MARLBORO
PLAIN OR IVORY TIPPED
America's finest cigarette

Answers to Anagrins

on page 29

1. Maiden.
2. Instance.
3. Treacle.
4. Celebrate.
5. Scathe.

A glove-fight between two clever middle-weights was described as resembling a game of chess. Ringside spectators are apt to exhibit impatience while boxers are thinking out their moves.
—Punch.



50 CENTRAL PARK SO., N. Y.

Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

To live like a king,
without a king's ransom . . . live at Hotel
St. Moritz . . . "in the
Continental manner"
. . . with American
ideas of economy.

Abbott's BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a Glass of Ginger Ale or Water. A Good Tonic and Palatable.

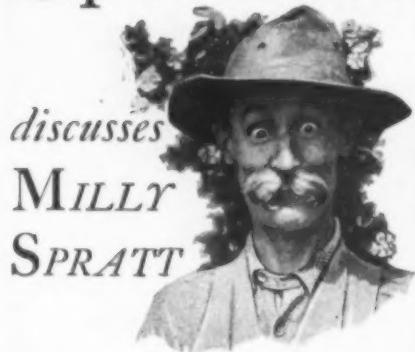
C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

Sample of Bitters by mail 25 cts.

For permanent or transient residence. Luncheon served in the Sky Salon. Dinner- and supper-dancing in the Grill. Tea at RUMPELMAYER'S . . .



"Chic" Sale—The Specialist



IT'S wonderful how a different point of view will change your whole life. You take the school teacher, Miss Milly Spratt. Fer twenty year she taught the primary grade because the older boys and girls wouldn't put up with her.

If she got an apple it was because she took it away from some poor little hungry feller that was eatin' in school. Didn't any of the children bring her an apple on purpose.

Well sir, one day she saw the little fellers eatin' some squares of chocolate candies. The candies was in a blue tin box. Down the aisle went Milly Spratt and snatched up the box and put it in her desk. After school she got it out and ate a couple of the candies herself. They was so good she examined the box and read the little printed slip inside. Now she is principal of that school and everybody likes her.

"Chic" Sale

"Those little chocolated tablets" in the little blue box—Ex-Lax—mean a lot in the lives of millions of people!

Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. It is safe, gentle, effective. It can't form a habit. It won't gripe.

Try it tonight—it will sell itself to you! All druggists, in 10¢, 25¢, and 50¢ boxes, or send coupon below for sample.

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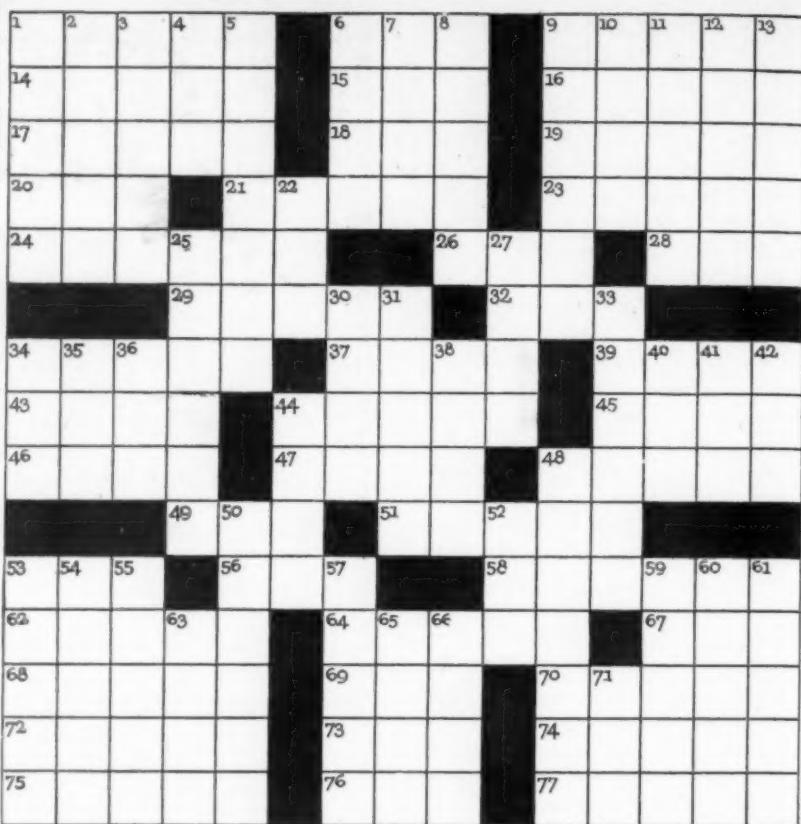
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City _____ State _____

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., P. O. Box 170,

Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y. L.P. 931

Life's Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

- Frisky youngsters.
- To plan in detail.
- Twilled silk.
- This is a drug on the market.
- Turkish title.
- Muse of lyric poetry.
- Unrefined language.
- Electrified particle.
- Peasant shoe.
- A unit.
- Old fashioned rulers.
- Line up.
- Pay back.
- Sweet potato.
- Eastern state, abbr.
- You can have a circus with this.
- Necessities for women.
- These are hard on the feet.
- Otherwise.
- Help.
- Where to stay for a rest.
- Town car.
- Flat.
- Take a taxi.
- Our parent's home.
- A doctor's accomplice.
- Eggs.
- Hint.
- Prohibition.
- Nose around.
- Plenty.
- Semi-precious stone.
- The heron.
- "This little pig went to market."
- Wheel of a turbine.
- The armpit.
- A collector's paradise.
- You see this at the theatre.
- Mat.
- Get hot.
- Trades.
- Born.
- Tender places.

DOWN

- Blush.
- Think.
- Fine fabric.
- Small steamer.
- Men's parties.
- The big street.
- All excited.
- A flower.
- Magic word.
- Russian river.
- Completely cuckoo.
- Make up.
- This serves you right.
- Displeasure.
- Anger.
- Word of assent.
- Poverty.
- A tree.
- Essential qualities.
- Conveyance.
- Japanese sash.
- A color.
- Of sound mind.
- The legal profession.
- A starting point.
- Prophet.
- Heavenly drinks.
- Musical dramas.
- Rival.
- Poets.
- Greek market place.
- Pertaining to birthdays.
- Crave.
- Precious perfume.
- A racket.
- Denominations.
- Large book.
- This sticks to a man in hard times.
- Storm.
- Also.

Cadillac V-8 prices range from \$2695, f. o. b. Detroit—with G. M. A. C. terms available on all body types. The model illustrated below is the V-8 5-passenger Sedan, with coachwork by Fisher.



For many years, the Cadillac Motor Car Company devoted all its energies to the perfection of a single product—the Cadillac V-8. Until 1927, Cadillac's entire reputation as a master builder was based upon this car. This fact has never been forgotten; and though the Cadillac line now includes three other distinguished cars—the La Salle, the V-12 and the V-16—the V-8

is built, to this day, as if it were the sole protector of Cadillac's good name. In fact, no eight-cylinder Cadillac ever produced could compare with the present V-8. Yet, due to a vastly enlarged manufacturing program, this finest of V-8 Cadillacs is priced as low as \$2695, f. o. b. Detroit. Such a car at such a price, is—in very truth—one of the outstanding attractions of a value-giving day.

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Sunshine Mellows — Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

"Reach for a
LUCKY instead"

What effect have harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos upon the throat? A famous authority, retained by us to study throat irritation says:

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every Tuesday,
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Saturday eve-
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